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Technomancy



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Chapter 1 by Kallaway Hastings

The last thing I remember is sitting at the bar in the Public Airway.

A two hundred and sixty two floor Galaxy Airport junction for all fifty-eight of the Aged Empire patrolled stations. The station hosted about fifty-seven thousand people at one time, it was a neutral zone, so everyone could trade and if you stuck to the rules the Patrols would turn a blind eye as long as trade kept the taxes high on patrons. For someone looking to make a life in Technomancy, it was the prime place to be. My major was Foreign Tech and Mystics, a rare gift. But it was also feared, bad luck seemed to follow people with the gift of Technomancy like the plague. So we kept it a secret, but I was desperate. Having no family I had grown up with my uncle, but after he died I was left with no option but to find my own way with the gifts I had. I had spent almost everything I had to get here and tomorrow would meet the Quarter Master of the builders to maybe get a job. It wasn't my chosen profession, but if I got the job I could make enough money to survive.

I sat in one of the many bars, watching as people came in and out, noticing a dark cloaked man enter. Ordering something random, I downed something that burned in my throat.

The next day, the Quarter Master had accepted me and I started off in the small
bar back, waiting for my first assignment. I was nervous, but I knew bad luck follows us.

Around the same time, I heard a noise from behind me. I turned around and saw a man standing there, he was wearing a dark cloak and a hood. He was holding a sword and looked very powerful. I

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rocked my body, I gasped as heat tore through me. Making my hair stand on end and my eyes water. I smelled a burning acrid sent. It took a moment to rise, but when I did, my hands were black and burned. Looking up, I saw the man in the black cloak rise from a seat in the back of the room, gesturing to someone behind me. Swaying, I tried to say something, but I had never before absorbed that much energy, and then I was out, but not before my head smashed against the side of the bar. Ouch. That was going to hurt.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



Technomancy is a powerful gift - it's not for nothing that they call it the sorcery of the modern age - but there's not much it can do against a concussion, especially if you're already drained dry.

I came to again, my head ringing. Everything was a blur, but I could just about tell the difference between the dim blur of the room I was in and the dark blur of the man standing in front of me.

People with technomancy didn't tend to go out of their way to announce the fact, and stuff like this was just one more reason. I'd been kidnapped once before, back when I lived with my uncle, by some venal plutocrat who wanted me to rummage through a rival's electronic secrets for his benefit. I'd burnt out every circuit in his mansion before vanishing into the night.

The plutocrat had been ostentatious, promising great wealth if I just did his bidding. This was different. I thought I made out the folds of a familiar dark cloak.

"What do you want from me?" I asked, trying to remain calm.

The figure in the cloak laughed. I didn't feel that was a good sign...

Chapter 3 by Phantim



"Technomancy..." he said. I wasn't sure if that was his answer, or if was just ignoring my question all together.

"That's your gift, correct?" he asked.

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Yes, that's right, I reply. I'm a technomancer. I've been trained to control energy and I did the same thing to you.

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I thought as much. He reached out and

"Well good for you Sherlock," I say mockingly. I couldn't resist, growing up the way I did, well sarcasm becomes a part of you. The man looked at me, he had a darkness to his stare, but then he let out a small chuckle.

"A little fight in you. That's good boy, that's real good. Too many a technomancer resigns himself to some mystical ill-fate, but not you. Well, let's see what you got," he says. He then tosses a small broken robot at my feet. "Un-cuff him."

Big mistake for him. I drop down to my knees and flood the small robot with energy. I can feel its small parts clicking together, repair itself. I feel my own energy flowing through the circuits and wires, I can feel what needs to be fixed without even looking the the machine over. Aha, done. Now time to cause a little trouble. /Attack!/ I mentally command the robot. Its small eyes turn red and a hear a loud whirring noise as it leaps towards the man holding me hostage. I am about to laugh, but then the robot stops and shuts its self down. I look up to see the older mans eyes glow a silvery blue.

"Now, now, didn't expect that did you, boy?"

Chapter 4 by JohnnyOmaha



The southern drawl softened the question without being threatening or patronizing, which made it sting that much more.

I glanced around the bar to see if anyone else cared to pile on the embarrassment only to notice that the entire place was empty save for me and the cloaked man who seemed to be a little more than familiar with the powers of technomanacy.

How long was I out for anyway?

With a whiff of ozone, the crackling electric-blue energy around his eyes ceased and my eyes adjusted to the deep blue and hot pink neon beaming from the Omnicron Ocean Spray bar signs.

The blue and pink neon reveals the cloaked man to be a man in his late 30s, with a mustache and a beard. His gray hair is short and thinning. He has a very comfortable height to him.

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I'm still trying to place where I've seen his cloak as he casually takes a seat on the mag-grav stool. "Have a seat, Callen."

Of course he knows my name. This just keeps getting better and better.

"or is this the part where you pretend to be a badass and say 'I'll stand'?" he continued with a smirk.

"I'll... uhhh... stand, yeah."

"What did I say, my distinguished ladies and gentlemen?" The elder technomancer addressed the empty room. "A bone fide, Grade A, Taurus Class badass!" His voice grew louder with each hyperbole, booming from every available sound system speaker throughout the bar.

Before I knew it, he was nose to nose with me. His eyes burning manically.

"Ain't NObody gonna tell Callen Hon what ta do! Ain't that right Mr. Hon?"

I blink and as fast as things escalated, I now see him with normal eyes sitting comfortably at the bar. He nonchalantly taps the surface twice and the luminescent bar station user interface glows to life, flashing through the images of exotic drinks and hearty brews.

"Thirsty?"

Chapter 5 by Phantim



"I don't drink," I say.

"Two Number 5-5-7s," he says to the bars computer. Seems he really liked ignoring what I wanted.

"Order confirmed," it replied. Then some whirring noises began behind the bar.

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"Enough clicking around, I say. I want to know what's going on here. I want to know who's in charge. I want to know what's been said."

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"/Tch/... thought a little girl like you would enjoy the foreplay..." he replies.

"/Screw you!/ I'm not a little girl or little boy! I am 17! Now answer me or I'm leaving."

"Fine. Settle down now firecracker. You can call me /Gearbox/ it ain't my real name, but ya'd never know from my pals. I want you and your powers. I promise I can make it worth your time. Better than that little job interview you have lined up anyway..."

Chapter 6 by Boskan



"Well, you see, mr. Hon... I think that I have an offer for you, that you might find very appealing." Gearbox said, as he took the freshly poured drinks from the counter. And as he was passing one to Callen, he continued.

"My offer consists, not only of the good profit, from which you can greatly benefit, but from the freedom as well. You wouldn't have to hide anymore, you wouldn't have to hide your skills anymore as well!"

"And how exactly do you think to make that possible?" Callen replied.

"What do you get from all that, from me? Why me, at all?"

"Whoa, slow down a bit, you will get your answers, but we don't have much time for that right now. They'll be soon on to us, so we must go now. We're too exposed here and I think they know we are here." said Gearbox, as he slammed his empty glass on the counter.

"I know that you can't trust me right now, but you must come with me. We must leave this place ASAP!"

And as he stood up from his seat, sound of sirens started coming from the distance and getting closer every second. His men were already outside, disappearing in the nearby alley.

Callen had great doubts in going with him, but he knew he couldn't stay here, alone. Not after what had happened. He now had to roll those dice and take the risk. At that moment, his

mind was racing, trying to figure out what to do. He knew he had to trust his gut and follow Gearbox.

He took a deep breath and followed him.

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"Come now and you'll get your answers, but first, we have to get out of here and get away from here."

Callen followed. As soon as he did,

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As they zoomed through the multi-level city of neon lights and endless skyscrapers, Callen was getting a bit fidgety...

"So who is the driver?" he finally asked.

"Oh, that's my boyfriend Ricky. We met in the Zanathuri slammer. Haha, he was nicknamed the /The Slammer/ too... haha!" Gearbox replied.

"Ugh! Why are you so /fucking/ disgusting dude? I can't believe I got in a zoomer with you..."

"Ah, well, sorry about that. I made a lot of bad choices back when I thought... well the same thing most technomancers think... that there ain't gonna be a tomorrow. You can be different. I can teach you things you'd never learn. Hell, I may be the oldest technomancer in the nine systems. If not the.../wisest... Haha!"

Callen rolled his eyes, but it was certainly something to think about... Indeed, Callen hadn't ever heard of a technomancer living to be that old. Gearbox seemed like he was maybe in his early fifties... Callen was actually starting to feel good about his choice, when sparks began to shoot out of the dashboard....

"Uh uh boy... looks like the power is out! Let's see what you can do with those powers in a pinch! Yahoooo!" Gearbox cried out as their flying car began to plummet quickly towards the ground....

Chapter 8 by Jilyislovejilyislife



Everything became a blur as we started to drop to the ground. Adrenaline filled my veins and my eyes turned light blue again. The only way to turn the zoomer back on was to charge the engine with my energy. I punched the window of the zoomer, wiped the glass away and quickly wiggled out of it. Holding on to the window I maneuvered around the zoomer so I was on the bottom with one hand on the foot step, my feet dangled in the air. The wind wiped my light brown hair and I looked down, bad idea, I could see the ground coming closer, or rather us coming closer to the ground. I gripped the foot step harder. "Hows it going down there?"

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Chapter 7 by

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But I wasn't ready?!?!

I had no other choice, it was time...

the end

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